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The Request of  
The Reverend  
John Pierpont,  
of Medford,  
17 May, 1867.



*History*  
Fourth Edition.

NEW-YORK ORGAN TEMPERANCE TALES, No. 1.

THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
THE BOTTLE,



AS ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN

THE NEW-YORK ORGAN.

FROM DESIGNS BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

WITH EIGHT ILLUSTRATIONS REDUCED AND ENGRAVED ON WOOD,  
BY TUDOR HORTON.

NEW YORK:  
OLIVER & BROTHER, PUBLISHERS,  
CORNER OF NASSAU AND FULTON STREETS,  
AND SOLD BY BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS AGENTS GENERALLY.  
1848.

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1848.

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1867, May 17. Bequest of  
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# THE PLEDGE.

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## CHAPTER I.

AFTER parting with his sister, as related in the last chapter of "The History of the Bottle," James Latimer walked the streets for an hour, and then sought lodgings in a low tavern. The interview with Agnes, and the visit to his wretched father, sobered his feelings; and when, that night, he sat alone in the small chamber to which he had been assigned, his reflections were sad and painful. Depraved as he was, a thought of the still lower deep into which the sister whose love for, and care over him during a part of his wretched childhood, had become, as year after year went by, a dearer and dearer remembrance, disturbed him deeply, and he strove, but in vain, to drive the thought from his mind. It haunted him like a spectre, and made a low shudder, at times, go thrilling to his heart.

During the night he had troubled dreams. He saw Agnes in peril, but had no power to save her. He awoke, twice, with her fearful cries ringing in his ears; and slept again, to dream of kindred horrors. Then came, too, in that night of dreaming misery, the wild, horror-stricken face of his father, and he could not turn from the blasting sight.

The blessed day at last came; and when James Latimer met at table the few boarders who congregated in that low haunt of vice where he had taken up a temporary abode, they spoke of a horrible murder that had been committed during the night upon the body of an unfortunate girl. But it did

not once occur to him that the victim was Agnes; for they spoke of the girl by name, and it was not that of his sister.

After breakfast James went out to meet Agnes according to appointment. But, although he remained in the neighborhood where she had promised to see him, for two hours after the time at which she had agreed to be there, she did not make her appearance, and James wandered off to other parts of the city, with an oppressive weight upon his feelings. Two or three times during the day, he came back to the place where they had agreed to meet; but she was not there. Night came without his again seeing her, when he returned for lodgings to the tavern where he had spent his first night in the city after an absence of many years. Again the conversation among the boarders turned upon the murder that had been committed; still it did not occur to James that the wretched victim might be no other than his fallen sister, until one of those present happened to say that of course the name by which she was known was not her real one. Then the fear came thrilling upon the heart of James, that the murdered girl might be Agnes.

"Did you see her?" he asked, in a voice that was calm only as the result of an effort, speaking to one who seemed to know more about the affair than the rest.

"Yes," he replied. "I was at the house to day."



"Was she very young;" inquired James.

"Yes; quite a young thing."

"What kind of eyes and hair?"

"Very dark."

"Is she buried yet?" asked James, evincing some agitation, and rising up as he spoke.

"No; I believe not."

"Where is the house?"

The man gave him minute directions, and James started off with a trembling heart. One glance at the mangled body sufficed to tell him the dreadful truth. He looked at it but for a moment, and then, with a feeling of horror, turned away. And even as he did so, while yet the terrible object he had looked upon was distinctly before his eyes, the feeling he could not utter in words, nor even let form to itself a thought, accorded with this sentiment—"It is better for her to die than to live as she was living."

From the house where his murdered sister lay, James went back, with a sad heart, to his lodging place. He had three shillings in his pocket, the balance that remained of the small sum of money given him by Agnes. After that was gone, he knew not from whence the means of living were to come. To none of the rough occupants of the boarding house he had selected, did he mention the dreadful truth he had discovered, though some who noticed him more closely than the rest, saw that something painful was on his mind. He passed another unhappy and almost sleepless night, and appeared, on the next morning, evidently exceedingly disturbed in mind.

"What are you going to do with yourself, my lad?" said one of the boarders to James, as he walked out into the street with him after breakfast.

"Drown myself, I believe," replied James, moodily.

"That's a poor kind of business, in my opinion," returned the man, "and doesn't pay.—Are you out of money?"

"Yes."

"Have you friends in the city?"

"No."

"Are you willing to do anything?"

"Yes; if I can get anything to do. I don't want to starve."

"Well, my lad," returned the man; "I am going to open a public house to-morrow, and want a smart chap to help me at the bar. Will you come?"

"Of course I will. But what will you give me?"

"Two dollars a week and find you."

"That'll do, I guess."

"Very well. To-morrow we'll begin."

And on the morrow they did begin, by opening a new avenue through which men could go, body and soul, to destruction.

The new drinking house soon had its customers of all grades, and James soon began to feel perfectly at home in the pestilential atmosphere he was breathing. But, when the bustle and excitement of the day were over, and he was alone with himself again, thoughts of his murdered sister and mad father, and a remembrance of the cause which led to such horrible consequences, oppressed and disturbed him; and there were times when he wished himself back again in the quiet home he had left far off in the country. But, daily familiarity with vicious company, and the daily habit of drinking what he wanted at the bar, soon began to bear him down to a lower deep than any into which he had yet descended, and to render his feelings and perceptions still more obtuse. He had entered a school of vice, and was proving himself an apt scholar.

It is not our intention to trace, step by step, the progress which James Latimer made in the downward road. That would take up too much time, and not at all aid in the purpose we have in view. We have seen his entrance, and we know, too well, to what depth of degradation and misery the way leads.

In a year the lad had changed sadly for the worse. He had learned to drink to intoxication, and associate with persons of the vilest character. His father who had

'been ruined by the bottle, entered the broad road to destruction late in life, as compared with his age. What hope was there, then, for the son? It was but as a feeble, glimmering light. During the first year of his downward course, James continued to serve customers at the bar of the man who had opened the new drinking house; but he had become so debased, kept such vile company, and was so quarrelsome in his temper, that even this drunkard-maker was compelled to threaten him with a discharge from his employment, if he did not mend both his habits and his manners.

Before the second year had rolled round, this threat was put into execution, and James Latimer was again adrift. For a few months he loitered about the city, harboring in dens of infamy, and consorting with wretches of the vilest and most degraded character. Sometimes he had food, and sometimes went for days with scarcely enough to sustain nature. Amid all, he managed to get liquor, and was for more than half of his time, in a state of partial or complete intoxication. One so young and so fallen, could get no employment. His very appearance caused all to whom, in more lucid moments, he applied, to turn from him with a quick denial. He was an outcast; and there were times when he felt this bitterly. But, even if a feeble desire to reform, arose sometimes, there was no friend at his side to fan the little spark into a flame; no one to take him by the hand and lift him gently upon his feet, and hold him there until he had power to stand alone.

One morning he crawled out of a miserable hovel, where, for a few pennies he had procured a night's shelter, and was moving aimlessly along the street, when a voice called out,

"Hallo, Jim! Isn't your name Latimer?"

He looked across the street, and replied to a staggering crony who had thus hailed him—

"Id'no. B'lieve it is."

"Well, if it is, somebody advertises this morning that he wants to see you on some

very particular business. I saw it in the Sun."

"Wants to see me?"

"Yes, if your name is James Latimer."

"What does he want to see me, for?"

"Doesn't say. But you'll see it in the Sun, if you'll get one."

A Sun was bought from a newsboy who was passing, and there James read an advertisement, earnestly desiring him, if in the city, to call at a certain number in a certain street, where a person wished to see him on a subject that particularly interested him.

"I guess they don't catch this lark in that way," said James, after reading the advertisement.

"Aint you going?" said his companion.

"No, indeed. If any body wants me, let him find me."

"What's the matter? Afraid of the police?"

"No. But it's very strange that any body should want to see me. 'Taint for no good. Let 'em catch me, if they can. But I aint green enough to put my head in any of their traps."

This was young Latimer's first decision. He thought of the House of Refuge, and of the master from whom he had run away; and did not in the least doubt, but that this was a movement to get him back.

Still he read the advertisement over and over again, and referred to it a dozen times in an hour. After all, it might not be a plan to catch him and take him back to the country or the Refuge. This thought came next. He studied over it, and changed his view of the matter a dozen times, and, finally, determined that he would go and see who it was that wanted him.

The house bearing the number stated in the advertisement, was occupied by a hatter. James passed and repassed it almost twenty times before he ventured to go in. Behind the counter he saw, at work, a middle-aged man, with a benevolent, prepossessing countenance. Several times the man looked at him as he went by, and, he

thought, fixed his eyes somewhat intently upon him. At last he ventured in, and said—

"Did you advertise ——"

"For James Latimer," quickly spoke up the man. "Is that your name?"

"Yes sir."

"Poor young man!" said the hatter in a voice of sympathy. "You have indeed fallen low."

There was so much of kindness and real sympathy in the tone of voice with which this was uttered, that James was affected by it.

"It is too true, sir. I am low and miserable enough. Heaven help me!"

"And Heaven alone can help you, my young friend," replied the man earnestly. "But I will tell you at once what I want with you; for no time is to be lost. Your father has been very ill, and has suddenly recovered his reason. He wants to see you and your sister before he dies. You both called to see him, he has learned since he became lucid, nearly two years ago, and he supposed one or both of you might still be in the city. Where is your sister?" James leaned against the counter to support himself. He felt his knees tremble.

"Dead," he replied huskily.

"Ah! How long since?"

"She was murdered on the very night after we called at the hospital."

The man lifted his hands in painful surprise.

"This we had better conceal from your father; the shock may be too great for him," he said. And then added—"But we must get into the stage and go out immediately. His life is hanging on a thread. He was alive I ascertained this morning."

The man came from behind his counter, put on his coat and hat, and started off in company with the miserable looking creature who had answered his advertisement. Young Latimer's clothes were worn and dirty, and his whole appearance of a most disgusting character. His face showed the marks of evil courses as strongly as did his garments.

On their way to the hospital, but little passed between the young man and the benevolent individual who had him in charge. When they arrived at the hospital, they learned that old Mr. Latimer was still alive, though sinking rapidly. Without any delay they were ushered into his presence. He was lying upon a bed, supported by pillows, and the hospital physician and nurse were standing near him. As James entered, his father raised himself up and looked at him for a moment intently; then sinking back, he shut his eyes and groaned aloud. The son understood the meaning of this expression of pain; and the groan of his father was like the entrance of an arrow into his heart.

Old Mr. Latimer soon recovered himself, and, as his son, who was almost forced to the bedside by the person who had accompanied him to the hospital, came and stood near him, he again, by the assistance of the nurse, arose up partly from his pillow, and, extending his hand, grasped that of James, while the last tears, and the saddest his eyes had ever wept, fell over his face.

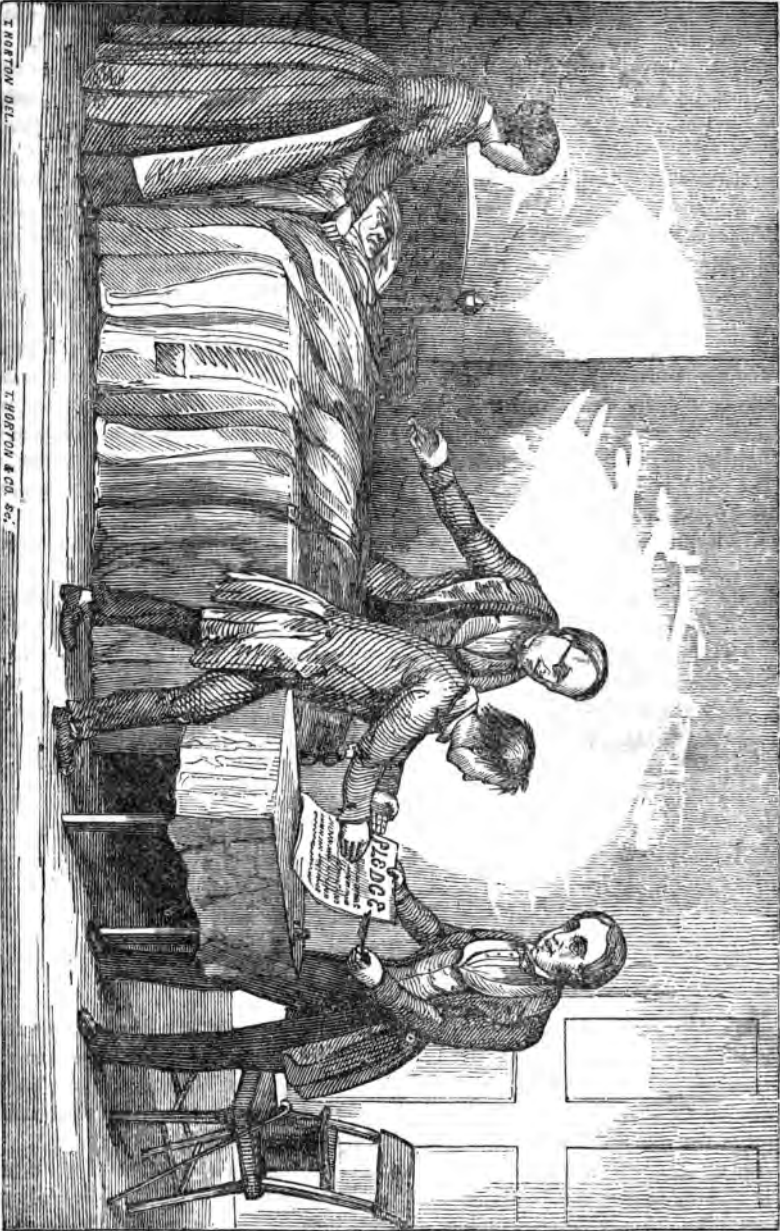
"My poor boy!" he murmured in a low tone, that was tremulous with grief. His voice choked, and his head sunk upon his bosom. In a little while he recovered himself and said, more calmly—

"My son, to see you so wretched, and with so many sad marks of evil about you, crushes my heart to the earth; for I—I alone—am to blame! In an accursed hour, when you were a young and happy child, the bottle entered, by my hands, our pleasant home, and in a few short years destroyed your mother and little sister, made a madman of your father—for I know where I am—and turned you and Agnes friendless upon a wicked and cruel world. But where is Aggy?" the father asked in a changed voice.

James hesitated a little while, and then replied—"She is dead."

Latimer covered his face with his hands and was silent for a few moments.

"Dead!" he at length murmured. "Dead! It is well. God will forgive her



INNOTON GIL

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JAMES LATIMER SIGNS THE PLEDGE BY THE DEAD BODY OF HIS FATHER.



errors, if she have committed any, for she must have suffered great temptation."

"James!" resumed the father, arousing himself from a state of abstraction, into which he had again fallen. "James! I see too sad evidences of the fact, that you have fallen already into the toils of that monster evil, intemperance, which cursed your father's house! I have but a little while longer to live, my son—even a few minutes may be all that are left to me. With my dying breath, I implore you to let the work of evil which I began, stop where it is. Turn, oh turn, from the path in which you are now walking, into the right way. Oh! my boy—my poor boy!"

The old man's voice choked again, and the hue of death passed over his face. The nurse laid him back upon the pillow. He gasped convulsively for some moments, and then became calm, but lay with his eyes closed, and his breath coming feebly. James saw his lips move, and he leaned closer to hear.

"There is but one hope—the pledge. If he would take that!"

The son heard and understood the meaning of the words. The moment this thought

came whispering from the lips of the dying man, he started up eagerly, and groped about with his hands.

"James! James!" he said, as he grasped hold of his boy. "The pledge! the pledge! They say it is all-powerful to save. It is your only hope!"

The death rattle choked all further utterance, and old Mr. Latimer fell back, heavily, upon his pillow. His spirit had gone to its reward.

"Sign it!" said a voice, in the ear of the son, as he raised himself up from the dead body of his father, over which he had bent in a passion of grief. James turned, and saw the benevolent individual who had taken so much pains to find him out and bring him to his father, standing with an open pledge in one hand and a pen in the other.

"Sign it!" he repeated. "Your father said truly, it is your only hope."

James took the pen in his trembling hand, subscribed his name, and then, bending forward, with his face down upon the table at which he had seated himself, wept and sobbed for a long, long time, like a guilty but repentant child.

## CHAPTER II.

MR. ARLINGTON, the person to whose good offices James Latimer was indebted for the interview with his father, as just related, was not the man to lift a poor human being out of the mire and filth of moral pollution, inspired by a momentary impulse, and then let him fall again, to sink deeper than before. No. Benevolence, with him, sprang from a religious principle. He was one of those temperance men who act not from mere enthusiasm, but from a deeply-grounded and ever-living desire to benefit mankind.

When James left the building where he

had witnessed the death of his father, he was not permitted to wander away and be left to himself again, with all his evil desires and appetites struggling to regain their mastery over him.

"What are you going to do now, my young friend?" asked Mr. Arlington, as they walked away from the hospital.

"Going to do?" The question had not of itself occurred to James, and he was unprepared to answer it.

"Yes. Are you engaged in any kind of employment?"

"No. I can't get any thing to do?"

"What can you do?" asked Mr. Arlington.

"Do?"

"Yes. Have you a trade?"

"No sir."

"What have you done since you were in New York?"

"I've kept bar."

Mr. Arlington shook his head.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Nineteen."

"Not too late, yet, to learn an honest trade, if you are willing to do so."

"I am willing to do any thing," replied James, "rather than lead the wretched life I have known in this city."

"You must go home with me," said Mr. Arlington, after thinking a little while, "and we will talk this matter all over, and determine what is best to be done."

James looked down at his miserable apparel, and then shook his head.

"Why not?" asked this kind friend.

"I am not fit to go into a decent person's house."

Mr. Arlington understood, very well, that clean and decent apparel was absolutely necessary for James as a means of sustaining him in the sudden good resolutions he had formed. He knew that even his pledge would not hold him up, if his person remained filthy and his garments unclean. And he felt it to be as much a duty to supply this absolute want, as to take the initiative step in his reformation. He therefore provided him with an entire new suit of coarse, but good clothing; and then took him to a public bath-house that he might thoroughly cleanse his person. After this he introduced him into his own family and kept a watchful eye over him for a few days. During this time James was employed about the shop; but Mr. Arlington was careful not to send him out upon errands, except occasionally, for fear that he might fall in with some of his old companions and be led off by them. One morning, after James had been with him for about a week, Mr. Arlington said—

"It is not too late for you to learn a trade, and I think you had better set about it immediately. There is nothing like regular employment to sustain the mind in its good resolutions. Besides, you will soon be a man, and must then have the ability to support yourself. I have an old friend residing in Newark, New Jersey, who is a very kind man. He carries on the cabinet-making business, and, I know, wants an apprentice. If I give you a letter to him, he will take you. What do you think of this?"

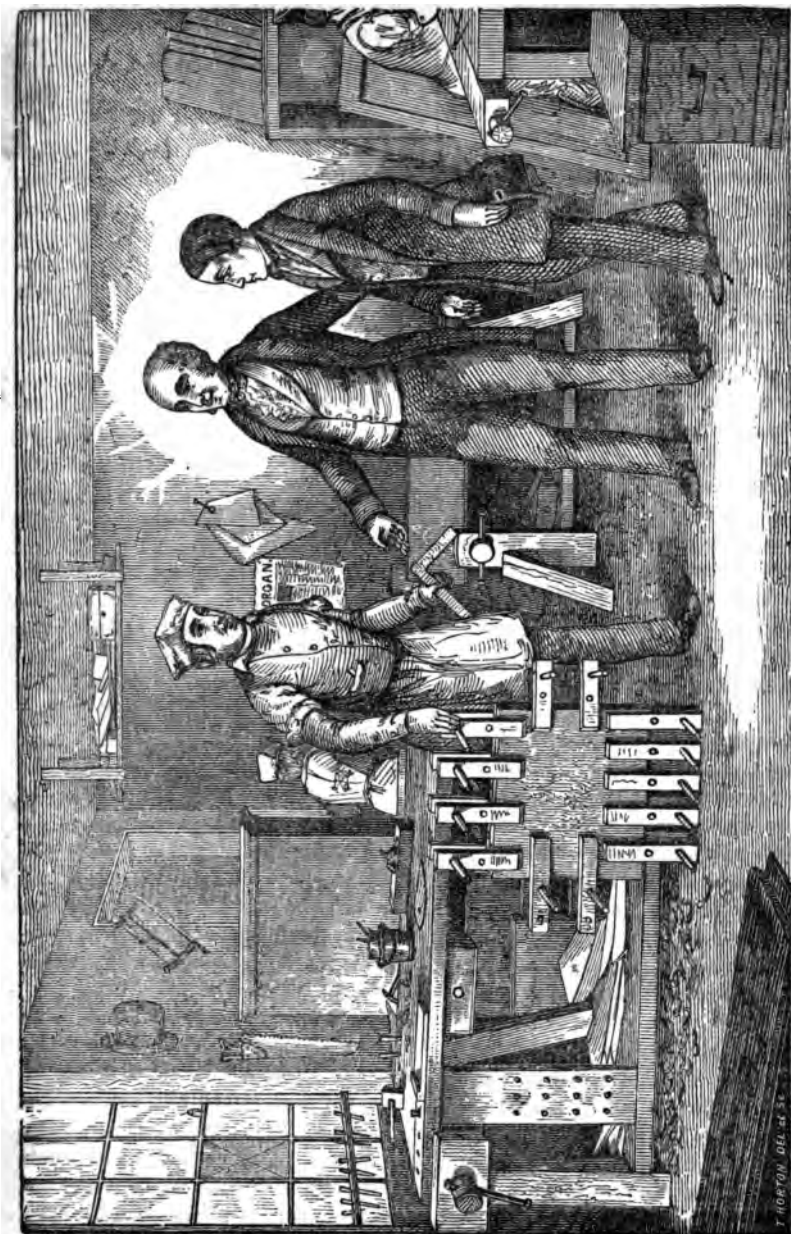
"I am ready to go, sir," was James's prompt reply.

"Very well. To-night I will write a letter to my friend, Mr. Seymour, and you can start for Newark in the boat to-morrow morning. You will have a good place, and be removed from the temptations of a great city like this."

Gladly did James Latimer embrace this opportunity to get away from the city and obtain a good place. Since he had taken the pledge, and been introduced among pure-minded, virtuous and intelligent persons, his mind had felt an earnest desire to become as good and as respectable as those around him. The offer of so good a place as Mr. Arlington represented the one to which he was going, to be, and the prospect of acquiring an honest and profitable trade, elevated the spirits of the young man, and made him feel happier than he had ever been since that first innocent period of childhood, ere the bottle came in with its companions, sin and misery.

Mr. Arlington accompanied James to the boat on the next day, and after paying his passage to Newark, most earnestly and affectionately admonished him not to forget the pledge he had taken, nor to lose sight, for a moment, of the fact, that if he would continue steadily to look up, he would certainly rise into respectability, and become a prosperous and happy man. James promised every thing, and parted with his benefactor with tears in his eyes.

It was a bright and beautiful day, and as the boat went rushing through the sparkling water, James experienced a sense of



FIRST FRUITS OF THE PLEDGE—JAMES LATIMER ENTERS A CABINET MAKER'S SHOP AS AN APPRENTICE.

exhilaration and buoyancy that excited his wonder. He felt like a new being. True purposes, and the effort to act from these purposes, introduced him into a new and purer spiritual association. Passion, evil lust, and debasing appetite, were at rest, and right thoughts and feelings were ruling in his mind.

"I can and I will lead a better life," he said to himself, resolutely. "The way is now plain before me, and I will walk in it with a firm step."

When the boat landed at Newark, James made inquiry for Mr. Seymour, and, on finding him, presented his letter of introduction. Mr. Seymour he thought a much graver man than Mr. Arlington, and he did not, at first, feel very comfortable in his presence. The letter was read twice through before a remark was made.

"Well, young man," said Mr. Seymour, at length, looking up at him, and regarding him intently. "What my good friend, Mr. Arlington, says of your past life doesn't promise much for the future; but the pledge, which he says you have taken, promises every thing; though I am afraid you are almost too old to learn my trade as well as you ought to know it by the time you are of age. However, there is nothing like trying; and, if you will do your best, no doubt in the end you will make a good workman."

"I can only try, sir," returned James, soberly.

"Try. Yes; if you will try earnestly,

my young friend, there is no fear. You have entered the right way, and if you diligently attend to your steps, success, prosperity and happiness will surely be reached. Doubtless, you understand that in entering my family, you must conform to its rules, and be governed by the strictest regard to what is orderly and decorous. I permit, neither in my shop nor house, the use of profane or indecent language. I expect all my family to go to church with me regularly every Sabbath, and to act becomingly on that day."

"Try me, sir!" was the only reply made to this by James Latimer.

"I will try you. Come! Let me introduce you into my shop, and to your fellow-workmen."

James followed Mr. Seymour up stairs into his workshop.

"This stout lad," said the cabinet-maker to his foreman, "has come over from the city to-day, and I have agreed to take him as an apprentice and teach him the business. Make him as useful about the shop as you can, and put him forward as fast as possible. You will find him willing and industrious, and as quiet and orderly, I am sure, as any boy in the shop."

Mr. Seymour then left James with the foreman.

The first fruits of the pledge had become apparent. Industry had taken the place of idleness, and order of disorder. There was a good promise for the future.



## CHAPTER III.

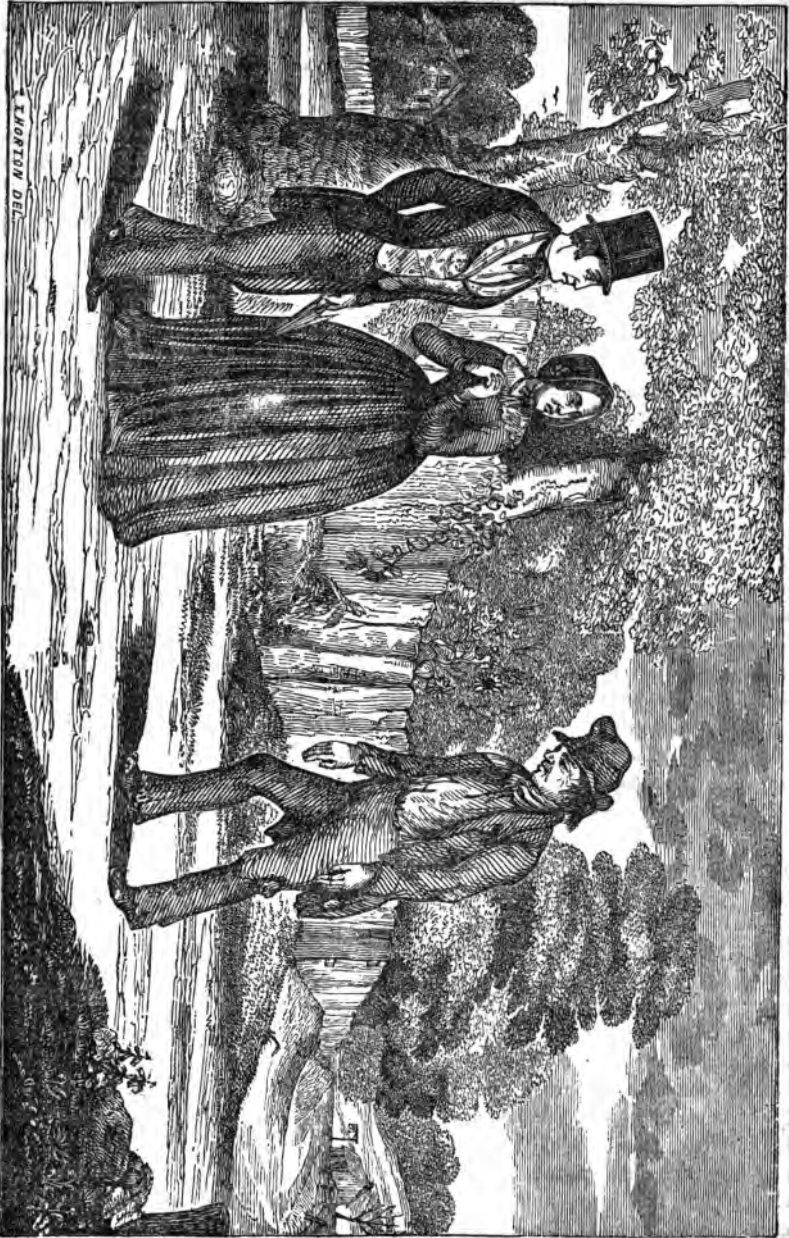
WHEN Mr. Seymour became acquainted, more minutely, with the history of James Latimer, he had some fears about the consequences of introducing into his family one who had been so familiar with vice, and who had fallen so low in the scale of degradation. He understood well the force of the precept, "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" and he felt, for a time, uneasy, lest the evil of the lad's heart should break over all recently applied restraints, and others be injured by coming in contact with him. Fortunately for all, no such unhappy consequences followed. The entire removal of James from old scenes and companions, a total abstinence from that exciter of evil and corrupt passions—strong drink—daily useful employment, and new and virtuous associations, sustained him in his good resolutions.

And yet he was, by no means, free from temptations, and they, at times, strong and almost over-mastering. Often, the labor he had to undergo for so many hours in succession, proved irksome, and his thoughts would turn to the freedom of other days, while his heart pined for the liberty to do as he pleased, which he once possessed. Mr. Seymour, whose watchful eyes were rarely withdrawn from the youth he had taken into his family, noticed his changing states of mind, and was careful to meet them in such a way as best to sustain him in the hour of temptation. He early introduced him into one of the temperance societies, and managed to get him interested and actively engaged in the cause. James needed some excitement of mind, and this furnished just what was wanted. Mr. Seymour also sent him to night school, for his education was extremely defective, where he rapidly improved himself. There was a very good library in his master's house, and there were also several weekly literary and temperance papers taken by Mr. Seymour; these furnished James with

the right kind of occupation for leisure hours, and gradually made impressions upon his mind deep enough to obliterate, in a good degree, the marks left by passion, vice, and debasing sensuality.

A year in the family and workshop of Mr. Seymour, wrought wonders for the young man. The distorting marks left upon his countenance by a long course of evil indulgence, were fast disappearing, and giving place to a manly, open, benevolent, and elevating expression. He was industrious and faithful in his work, and quiet, orderly and respectful in the family of his master. His zeal in the cause of temperance was a gradually progressing impulse; and from simply being a partaker of its benefits, he became an active promoter of the cause, and a warm advocate of its doctrines. Wherever there was work to be done, you would find young Latimer standing ready to enter into it, and with an earnestness that ensured success to his efforts.

There was, in the family of Mr. Seymour, a young girl, not so old by a year or two as James, whose kindness had, from the first, caused him to regard her with feelings of gratitude and good will. All that James knew about Mary, was, that she was a niece to Mr. Arlington, of whom she sometimes spoke in terms of affection. Gradually, the young man became interested in Mary Arlington. He regularly accompanied her to and from church on Sundays, and sought every convenient and proper opportunity to be with her during the week. Mr. Seymour observed this, and felt it to be his duty to notify Mary's uncle of the fact. The intelligence was not pleasing to the latter. He knew little more about the young man, than that he had been raised under the most corrupting and debasing influences, from which he had only been removed a short time. During that time he had, it is true, conducted himself with great propriety; but he felt that the



SAD MEETING OF A DAUGHTER WITH HER DRUNKEN FATHER.

risk would be too great to permit anything more than an ordinary intimacy to spring up between the young man and Mary. And he wrote to Mr. Seymour to this effect.

The cabinet-maker felt that he was in an unpleasant dilemma. The intercourse between the young people was so prudent, so open, and so free from anything that gave him the smallest excuse for interfering with them, that he could neither do nor say any thing on the subject. His wife, more shrewd than either he or the uncle, in matters of this kind, warned him, that he had better let them alone; for if he attempted to interfere, he would be sure to fan even the smallest spark of love into a flame.

Several communications passed between Mr. Seymour and the uncle, which resulted in the determination of Mr. Arlington to remove his niece to the city, and take her into his own family. This was approved by the cabinet-maker. Both Mary and James heard of this decision with pain; though both were ignorant of the cause which led to it. The natural consequence that followed the thought of separation, was a revelation to the heart of each, that a deeper interest was felt in the other, than had been supposed. They had not been lovers before; or rather, had not known that they were interested in each other to any very great extent. Now, they not only acknowledged the fact to themselves, but mutually confessed it.

On the afternoon of the last Sabbath Mary was to spend in Newark, James asked her to take a walk with him, and they went out together. They were moving along slowly, in the pleasant suburbs of the city, and had fallen into an earnest conversation, when all at once Mary started with an exclamation of painful surprise. The eyes of the young man had been upon the ground, but he looked up quickly and saw, approaching, and close to them, a wretched-looking object, in the person of a miserable drunkard, with mean and soiled attire, who was staggering along, just able to maintain his balance.

Mary stood, like one petrified, while the

debased creature approached. But he was too much intoxicated to know any one, and passed on without seeming aware that he had attracted attention. After he had passed, Mary turned and looked after him for some moments, while the tears came into her eyes and fell over her cheeks.

"Who is he?" asked James, whose liveliest interest was awakened.

"My poor father!" murmured Mary, in a sad, quivering voice.

James was silent. The sympathy he felt for Mary was too deep for expression.

"Let us go home," he said, in a moment or two. And they walked back, together, nearly the whole way in silence.

"Does your father live in Newark?" James asked, before they reached home.

"Sometimes," said Mary, in a choking voice.

The young man said no more. But he resolved that he would learn, from those who could tell him, the history of Mary's family; and he also resolved, as he walked silently by the young girl's side, that he would devote every power he possessed to the reformation of her father.

"To-morrow she leaves us," he said, to himself. "And to-morrow evening I will seek out this wretched man and reform him, if that be within the power of human action."

That evening Mary spent alone in her own room, with a sad and sorrowful heart. And the next day, she left for the city, to go into the family of her uncle. Before going to his work in the morning, James sought an interview of a few moments.

"Mary," he said, as they were about parting, speaking with great earnestness, "I will search out your father, and never cease my efforts, until I restore him to you and to his family, clothed and in his right mind."

Mary did not, for she could not trust herself to, reply to this; but the look of tender thankfulness that was in her tearful eyes, and upon her drooping countenance, gave the heart of young Latimer a new inspiration; and was an earnest of the high reward that awaited his success in what he had resolved to accomplish, if the thing were in the power of man.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHAT James Latimer proposed to do, he did not mention to any one, after he had briefly informed Mary of what was in his mind. She left, according to previous arrangement, on Monday morning, and he went to work with soberer feelings than he had known for some time. His thoughts were, for most of the day, with the gentle girl whose influence upon him had been for good, ever since happier circumstances than his life had known, had brought them together in the same family. He could not have believed, but for this experience, that so much that made his days pass pleasantly, had depended upon her.

After tea, on that very evening, James, without mentioning to any one the purpose that was in his mind, went out and proceeded to that part of the town where the largest number of low grog shops and eating houses were situated. He entered the first that came in his way, and going up to the bar, behind which stood a man, waiting to mix his liquid poisons for the destruction of his fellow men, said—

"Do you know a man named Arlington?"

"Don't I!" replied the man, facetiously.

"Have you seen him to-day?"

"I guess so."

"Was he here?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"About an hour ago, I reckon. What do you want with him?"

"I should like to find him."

"He's a rum customer!" said the man, with a vulgar laugh.

"Who's that?" asked a person, who was sitting in the bar-room, getting up and coming forward.

"Arlington," was replied.

"Oh! yes, Pretty much of a bruiser. Is he about in these parts again?"

"Yes; he's been loafing about Newark for several days," replied the rumseller.

"He's been in several times to try and get a dram without the money; but I know him of old, and have wet his whistle too often for nothing. Poor devil! It's most time he died off."

James had been familiar, at one period, with such coarse, unfeeling allusions to poor, fallen and degraded men, by those who had a large share of the responsibility of their ruin; but now the words of the rumseller fell with a painful shock upon his ears. He waited to hear no more, but turned away and left the groggery. Only a few doors off, he came to another sink of depravity and vice, into which he entered, and asked the same question. As he mentioned the name of Arlington, a voice growled out from the corner of the room—

"Who wants me, ha?"

Latimer turned, and recognized the person he had seen reeling along the street on the day before. He had been lying upon a bench, and was getting up as the young man's eyes rested upon him.

"Who wants me, ha?" was repeated.

"I do," replied James, going up to him.

"You do! Pray, who are you?"

"A friend, I hope."

"Indeed! Then if you are a friend, just treat for the sake of old acquaintance. I'd treat you—upon my word I would—but, I pledge you my honor, I've not got a sixpence to bless myself with."

And as the poor sot said this, he turned his vest pockets inside out in proof of his assertion.

"Oh, never mind the treat now," replied James. "But come with me. I've something very particular to say to you."

"Say it here, then. It's a very good place. But do, for heaven's sake, call for a couple of glasses. We can go into a box all to ourselves, and have a comfortable time of it. That's a clever soul."

And the poor creature looked imploringly



at James. The fact was, he had not a copper in his pocket, and as no grog-seller would give him either food or drink, he had neither eaten any thing nor taken a glass of liquor since morning. The consequence was, that he was almost mad from an insatiate desire for the old stimulus. James saw that his hand, which in his earnestness he had placed upon his arm, was trembling nervously.

"I'll tell you what I will do," the young man said, after reflecting a moment.

"What will you do?"

"Have you eaten any thing to-day?"

"No; not a mouthful. But I don't feel at all hungry."

"No matter if you don't. You must eat, or you will die. If you'll have a cup of strong coffee and a plate of hot oysters, I will order them for you."

"Thank you, sir! thank you, sir! But never mind the coffee. Hot punch will do just as well, and better too."

"No. You've had punches enough. I'll order coffee, if you say the word."

"Very well. Let it be coffee then," replied the besotted creature, in a disappointed voice.

James ordered coffee and oysters, and asked, at the same time, if there wasn't a room in which they could be alone, as he had something particular to say to Arlington. The bar-keeper showed them to a room up stairs, to which the coffee and oysters came in due time. It was not until both had disappeared, and the man's mind was in a calmer and more rational state, that James sought to make some impression upon him.

"You feel better now, a great deal, I am sure," he said familiarly.

"There's no doubt of that. But, young man, who are you? and what do you want with me? I never saw you before," said Arlington, his face becoming serious.

"Nor I you, till yesterday," said James.

"Till yesterday! Where did you see me yesterday?"

"Staggering along the street, too much intoxicated to see or heed any one."

"Humph! But who told you my name?"

"Your daughter Mary."

The whole manner of Arlington instantly changed. He looked surprised, and there were evidences of the passage through his mind of painful thoughts.

"Did she see me?" he asked, in a subdued voice.

"I was walking with her, when you came suddenly reeling past. Ah, sir! If you could have seen how she was struck down! If you could have witnessed the darkening of her innocent face, as the shadow of your presence fell upon her, you would curse the cup of confusion, and throw it from you forever."

An expression of anguish came over the countenance of Arlington, and his frame trembled violently,

"Poor Mary!" pursued James. "It was like a heavy blow upon her heart! Ah, sir! How can you turn away from one who would love you with the fondness of such a child? How can you keep forever dark, the home that was once made bright by her presence?"

"Young man!" exclaimed Arlington, suddenly rising up. "Who are you, that comes to me with words like these? What do you mean? I will not suffer such language."

"I am one who would save you from ruin," replied James, in a soothing voice. "It is for this that I have sought you out."

"It is in vain, young man," said Arlington, resuming his seat. "I cannot reform."

"Have you ever tried?" asked James.

"Tried! Heaven knows how often I have tried," replied the man in a sad voice. "But it's no use. I have been a drinking man so long that I have lost all power over myself."

"Oh no. You err there. I have seen men who were as far gone as you are, reform and become perfectly sober."

"I've tried, sir—I've tried; but it's no use," objected Arlington. "If I thought there was any hope——"

"Hope! You have every thing to hope!"

said James in a cheerful voice. "Come with me; and I will show you that there is hope."

"Come where?"

"Come away from here. There is no hope for you in a place like this. You must breathe a purer and better atmosphere, if you expect to get power over the dreadful appetite that has cursed you and your family with a most direful curse."

James arose, and moved towards the door as he thus spoke. Arlington felt a sphere of attraction towards the young man, and arising also, followed him down stairs and from the house. When in the street, James put his hand upon the arm of the man he was so earnestly seeking to rescue from the hands of the spoiler, while yet a remnant of the human form remained in his mind, and said—

"A little way from here are some friends of mine, who have met to devise the ways and means of helping men like you to reform themselves. Go with me."

Arlington stopped short.

"What is it?" he asked. "A temperance meeting?"

"Yes."

"I can't go there."

"Why not?" asked James.

"I don't believe in these temperance reforms."

"Why don't you?"

"They're no good."

"No good?"

"No. They're just got up by the few to get money out of the many."

"So the rumsellers say. But even if this were so, you had better pay a dollar or two a year to be made a sober man, than give to the rumseller nearly every thing you can earn, in order to be made a miserable drunkard."

"I never thought of that," said Arlington, a little staggered by such a knock-down argument.

"But it is a very plain way of looking at the matter. And as for temperance societies being got up for the purpose of putting money into the pockets of the few at

the expense of the many—it is a base slander. Temperance societies really put money into the pockets of the many. The drinking man who unites himself with men banded together for their own good and the good of their fellows, saves money by it. At the end of a year, he is astonished at the result."

"I don't think I would like to sign a pledge. I am afraid I would break it."

"Never mind any thing about the pledge, man. Come with me to this temperance meeting, and see and hear for yourself."

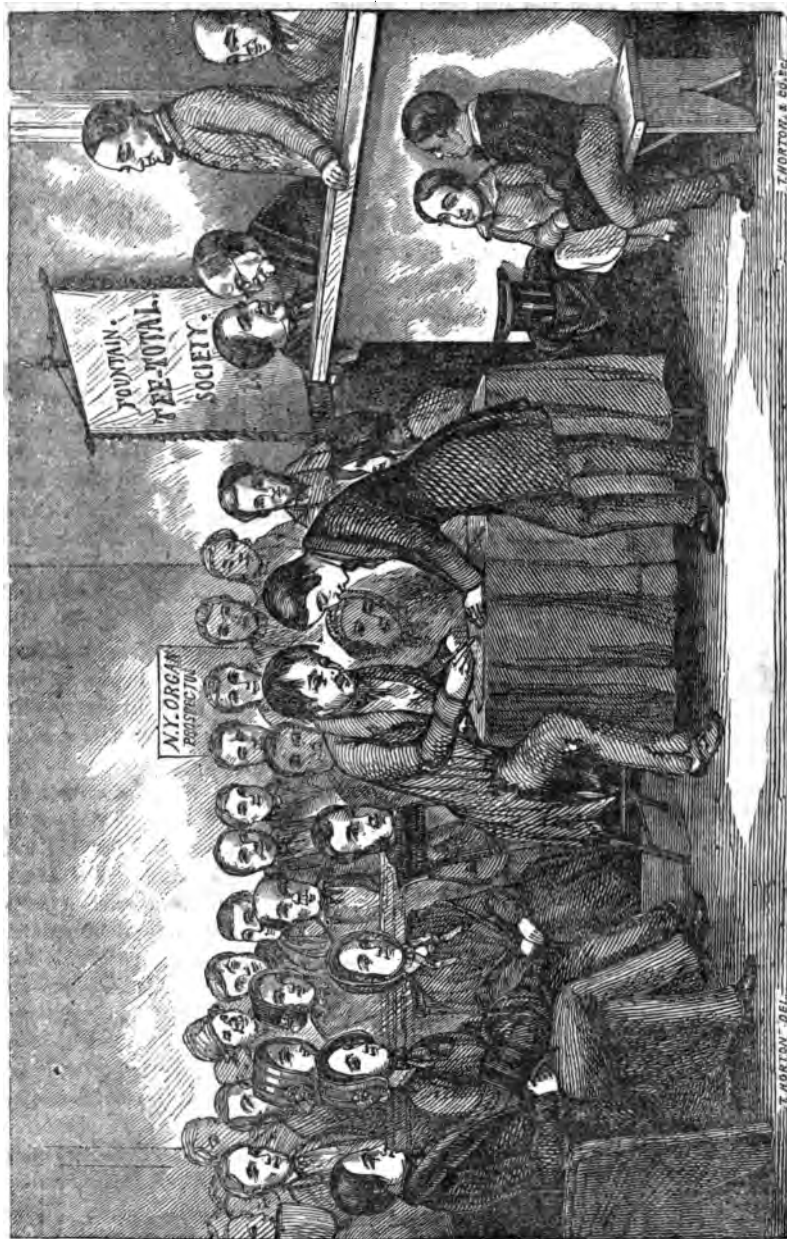
"I'd rather not." And Arlington held back.

"No matter then. But walk on with me. I have a good many things to say to you."

And they moved slowly along, young Latimer taking the direction of a temperance hall, and using all the means that presented themselves to his mind, in order to beget in Arlington a willingness to go to the meeting that was held on that night. Happily, his efforts proved successful, and the miserable effigy of humanity, whose race, had he continued longer to drink, was nearly run, went in with him, and sat down near the door.

There happened to be a lecturer from another place there that evening—a man who had great power as a speaker to interest the common mind. His address, which was begun soon after Arlington came in, was mostly made up of narrations by experience of a deeply pathetic character. Some of the incidents he related came home to the mind of the poor drunkard with startling effect. In more than one picture, drawn with graphic power, he saw himself so plainly, that there were moments when he felt that he alone was meant.

All the while, the eyes of James Latimer, who sat a little apart from him, were fixed upon him with anxious interest. He saw that the mind of Arlington was reached, and he felt his bosom glow with the hope of saving him. Particularly did the lecturer dwell upon the power of the pledge—upon the strength given to the mind by



MARY ARLINGTON'S FATHER SIGNS THE PLEDGE THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF JAMES LATIMER.

association—and related many instances where drunkards, who had fallen almost as low as a man could fall, had been reclaimed, and were now happily united with their families. In closing his address, he described a case wonderfully similar to that of Arlington's; and drew a sun-bright picture of the family re-union that took place, soon after the husband and father signed the pledge. Latimer saw that the father of Mary was deeply moved by this. When the lecturer, after holding up a pledge, urged the poor drunkard to come forward and with the stroke of a pen emancipate himself from the power of evil, he saw Arlington move, as if urged by a strong impulse to go up and declare himself free. In a moment the young man was at his side.

"Come!" he said, in a gentle yet earnest voice.

Arlington arose as if by instinct, and went forward with James by his side. A deep and solemn stillness pervaded the room. There were many present who knew the history of the repentant man, and those who did not, read a sad enough history in his marred countenance and miserable garments.

With a trembling hand he took the pen, and subscribed the pledge that Latimer had taken hold of and held firmly to the table.

"Thank God!" burst, involuntarily, from the lips of the young man, as the pen dropped from the fingers of Arlington. And many a piously-uttered "Amen," answered to the fervent ejaculation.

## CHAPTER V.

ALTHOUGH Mary Arlington was kindly received by her uncle and his family, the change made her feel unhappy; and she understood well that this was in consequence of her absence from James, and the prospect of seeing him but rarely, if at all, for the future. The cause of her removal, at so short a notice, from Newark, she did not understand, and she had many conjectures on the subject. But a suspicion of the real truth did not cross her mind. Her daily thought was of James, and she would lie awake at night for hours with his image in her mind. The separation of the young man and maiden, was the very way to render permanent any impressions which their hearts might have received, and this the uncle ought to have known, and would have known, if he had given the subject proper reflection.

Mary had been in New York for nearly a week, when her uncle brought her a

letter. Mr. Arlington had not broken the seal, although he had debated for some hours the propriety of doing so; as the post mark was Newark, he more than suspected the writer of it to be young Latimer. When Mary received the letter, her uncle noticed that her face suddenly lightened up. She retired with it to her chamber immediately.

The young girl had been away only a few minutes, when she came bounding back into the room where her uncle and aunt were sitting, with the open letter in her hand, and tears of irrepressible joy upon her cheeks.

"Read that! read that!" she exclaimed, thrusting the letter towards her uncle and then sinking down by her aunt, and hiding her weeping face in her lap. Mr. Arlington read aloud:—

"DEAR MARY:—I have done as I promised to do. On the evening of the very



day you left, I went out in search of your father, and happily found him. He was exhausted from want of food, and the absence, through lack of money to obtain it, of his accustomed stimulus. I bought him a good supper, and the hot coffee warmed and sustained him better than liquor. Then, through earnest persuasion, I got him to our Monday night meeting, where he signed the pledge, and he is now, thank Heaven, in his right mind. Mr. Seymour has been very kind to him. He gave him clothes, took him into his house, and, although not really in want of another journeyman, gave him work in the shop. I told your father that I was going to write to you. He sends his love to you, and to your uncle and aunt; and hopes you will forgive him for all the wretchedness you have suffered on his account. He says he wishes that you were only here. And I am sure I do. I am certain your presence would be a great help to your father. Ask your uncle if he does not think so.

"And now good by, Mary. I will hope to see you soon."

"JAMES LATIMER."

The voice of Mr. Arlington failed several times as he read this gladdening letter; and when he had finished it, he got up and walked about the room for some moments, struggling to keep down his feelings. When he had regained his self-possession, he went to his niece and raising her up from where she was lying with her face still buried in the lap of her aunt, kissed her tenderly, and said—

"Yes, dear, James is right. You had better go back. Your presence will be everything to your father. Can you get ready to return in the afternoon's boat?"

"I am ready to go at a moment's notice," replied Mary, in a quick voice.

Then, as if conscious that there was, in her manner, a too evident wish to leave the family of her uncle and aunt, she added—

"Not that I do not feel your kindness; but ought I to be away from my father now?"

"No, Mary, not for a day. He needs all the sustaining power we can give him."

After Mr. Arlington signed the pledge, James Latimer managed to keep near him all the while. When work was done in the evening, he would devise some means

of interesting him, and he found the easiest way to do so, was to read aloud temperance stories, or the doings of temperance men as recorded in the newspapers devoted to the cause. Often would the unhappy man, in whose bosom conscience was doing its reforming work, weep over the recital of incidents so like those that had occurred in his own life, that he could hardly persuade himself that he was not pointed at in the story.

James had come home from his work, in company with Mr. Arlington, on the day after he wrote to Mary, and they were sitting together and talking, when the door was suddenly thrown open, and in bounded the very one of whom they were just speaking.

"Mary!" exclaimed both Mr. Arlington and James at the same instant.

In a moment the happy girl was in her father's arms. James, with an instinctive feeling of delicacy, withdrew and left them alone.

It was soon understood in the house that Mary had come back to remain, and it was pleasant news to all. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour could not have given their own child a more cordial welcome home. And as for James Latimer, his efforts to conceal his delight were so poorly successful that his true feelings were hidden from no one.

The mother of Mary Arlington had been compelled, three years before, to go home to her friends in New-Brunswick, where she was now residing. Two young children were with her. She had borne want, neglect, ill-treatment, and all manner of privation, until health and spirits failed, and she was taken away from her brutalized and unfeeling husband, almost by force. Since that time, he often came where she was, saddening her heart with his presence. Sometimes he came only to vent upon her his drunken abuse, and sometimes to get money from her to gratify his insatiate appetite.

Two months from the time of his reformation, of which fact no word had reached the ears of Mrs. Arlington, for it had been

purposely concealed from her, the dejected wife and mother was sitting with her youngest child, a boy five years old, on her lap, and a daughter ten years old, standing by her chair and leaning against her, when a well dressed man opened the door and stepped in. Several moments passed, and still Mrs. Arlington looked earnestly at him, but without speaking.

"Don't you know me, Mary!"

The voice swept all doubt away, and with a cry of joy the wife sprang forward and threw herself into the arms of her husband.

"Dear Mary!" said Arlington, disengaging himself from the clinging embrace of his wife, and kissed first one child and then the other. "All is well. Two months have passed since I signed the pledge, and I have been at work for Mr. Seymour ever since."

"Heavenly Father! I thank thee!" murmured the wife, with clasped hands and eyes turned tearfully upward. By this time, the children were in his arms.

"Yes, to Him be the praise, Mary; for it was His hand that digged me out of the deep pit," replied Arlington.

"And Mary," said his wife, recovering herself, and looking with a glad smile into her husband's sober face, "is she at Mr. Seymour's?"

"Yes. And I have been living in the house ever since I signed the pledge."

"And it is two months since this happy change took place, and I did not know it! Why have you concealed it so long?"

"That neither doubt nor fear might accompany its announcement. Two months of sobriety and industry have confirmed my good resolutions, and given me internal strength. I am not temperate now, because I have taken the pledge, but because I feel intemperance to be an evil, and shun it as a sin against God."

"And God will give strength in your weakness, if you ever look to him."

"I feel that he will. But, Mary, I have come to bring you still further good news. My brother has furnished me a little house

in Newark; I have fifty dollars already laid by from my earnings, to begin with, and only wait for you to join me once more, and in a happy, temperance home! Mary took possession this morning, and is now waiting to receive you. In two hours the train of cars will be along. Can you be ready to go down by them?"

"Oh yes!" returned the wife. "I will be ready."

A little while after, she asked, in a changed voice, while a shade of sadness passed over her face—

"Have you heard anything of John?"

Arlington shook his head.

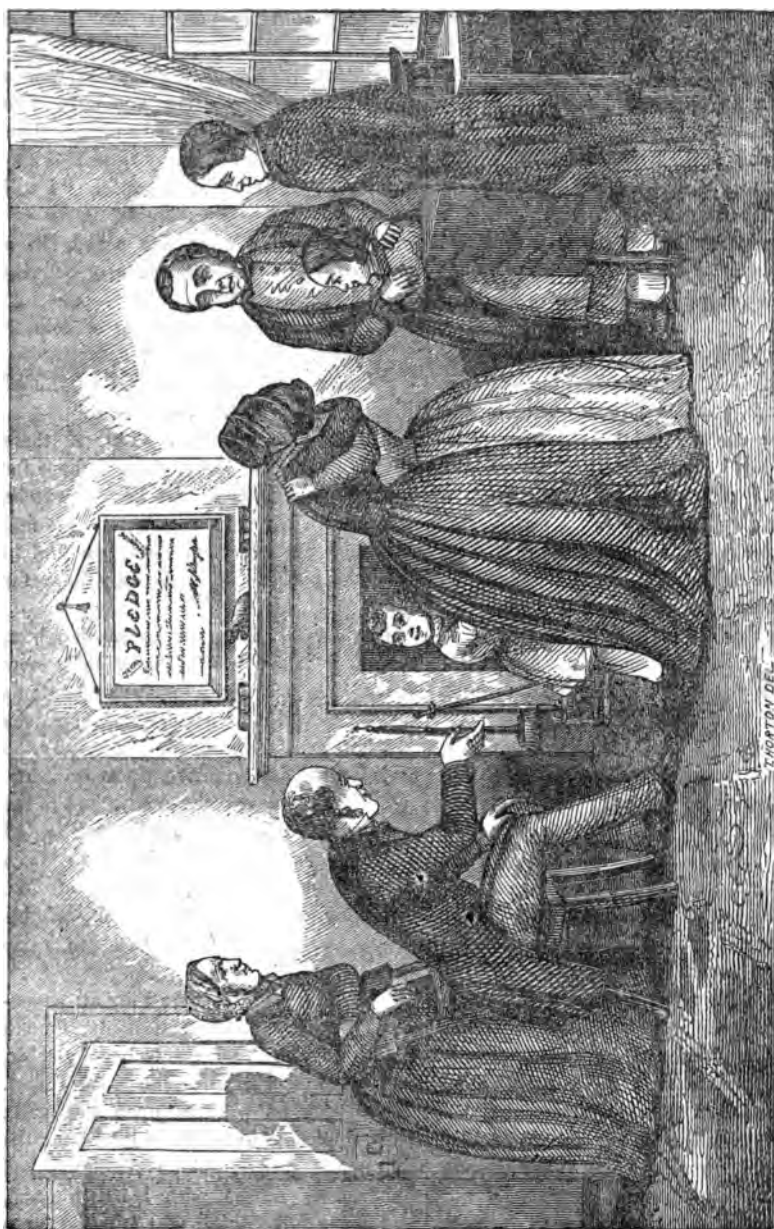
"I wonder where he can be. I think of him every day, almost every hour."

"Heaven only knows. But, if there was hope for me, Mary, there is hope for him. I trust in God that he will yet be reclaimed. My next work must be to find him, and use every means to get him to take the pledge. It is the only hope for him."

In the mean time, the happy daughter, who had taken possession of their new home, was busy with many preparations for the reception of her mother, whom she had not seen for more than a year. As the time for the cars to arrive, drew near, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour came over to join in the happy welcome; and James, feeling an equal interest, and privileged, now, from his agency in the reformation of Mr. Arlington, to show what he felt, left his work, and putting on his best suit, came also.

The little parlor where they all assembled, was neatly and comfortably, though plainly furnished, with a mahogany table, half a dozen chairs, and a good carpet. There were no pictures upon the wall; but conspicuous above the mantel hung the all potent pledge, which Arlington had handsomely framed with his own hand, and hung full in view that it might be to him a daily remembrance.

Sooner by a quarter of an hour than they had been expected—for the very locomotive seemed to have been inspired by its



A RE-UNION—THE MOTHER AND CHILDREN RESTORED TO A HAPPY TEMPERANCE HOME.

happy burden—Arlington and his family arrived.

To describe, adequately, the joy of that family re-union, were impossible. The mother rushed, weeping, into her daughter's arms, and they stood locked in a close embrace for many minutes. Then Willy and Jane received the caresses and listened to the glad words of their happy sister. All was, for a time, sweet confusion, in which hearts overflowed without restraint; and then a deep peace succeeded. Mr. and Mrs. Seymour now uttered their heart-

warm congratulations; and James was presented to the mother of Mary as the active instrument by whom this great good had been wrought. Mrs. Arlington took the young man's hands in hers, and holding them tightly, prayed, audibly, that the blessing of Heaven might rest upon his head.

How sweet a reward for a good deed! The heart of James Latimer bounded with a feeling of intense delight. All present were softened into tears.

There have been few family re-unions, fraught with such joy as this.

## CHAPTER VI.

THERE was no impediment, now, in the way of James keeping company with Mary Arlington, who remained with her mother. Mr. and Mrs. Arlington always welcomed him to their house with the utmost cordiality, and Mary never looked coldly upon him.

Time wore on. Months flowed into months, and still the reformed man went daily to work, and came back to his family at evening, cheerful and contented, bringing light into his dwelling whenever he appeared. Association with those who had the good cause deeply at heart, removed him from all temptation. There was no one to put a block of stumbling in his way—no one to draw him aside by any allurements. And at home, all was so happy, that the bare thought of any act of his by which sorrow and distress should again cross his threshold, made him shudder.

But, notwithstanding the blessings which this re-united family enjoyed and thankfully acknowledged, there still existed a cause of grief. John, the oldest son, had, like his father, fallen a victim to the great Moloch—strong drink; and after leading,

for some years, a dissolute life, had gone off, and they had not heard from him for a long time. The father believed him dead, but the mother clung to the hope that he was yet alive. John was in his twenty-third year when he went away, and he had been gone for over two years.

"If we could only hear something of John," Mrs. Arlington said so often in the hearing of James Latimer, who was a constant visiter of the house, that the young man determined to make such efforts as were in his power to find the absent one. He, accordingly, obtained the names of leading and active temperance men in all the principal cities, and wrote, earnestly desiring them to ascertain, if possible, whether the person he described was in their neighborhood. To these communications, he received many answers, but none of them satisfactory. He did not mention to any one what he was doing, not even to Mary. To raise hopes, that might be all in vain, he knew would be worse than to leave all as it was. But he did not relax his efforts. To more distant cities he sent off his letters of inquiry, and patiently

waited for answers. Many replies were received, but none brought the desired intelligence.

This went on, until James attained his twenty-first year, having served his master faithfully, and obtained, in the short time he had to learn his trade, very fair skill as a workman. Mr. Seymour retained him as a journeyman at good wages.

Soon after this, Latimer applied, formally, to Mr. Arlington, still a sober man and now an active promoter of the temperance cause, for the hand of his daughter.

"If her heart is with you, my young friend," replied the father, "you have my fullest sanction. I owe you almost every thing, and make this return with gladness. I need not tell you how good a girl Mary is. You know all her excellencies. May heaven smile upon your love!"

There was now a smooth sea for the bark of their love to sail upon, and favoring airs were ready to waft it over the glassy waters. But Latimer had resolved not to ask for the consummation of their love in marriage, until all hope of finding and reclaiming the lost brother was at an end. Nearly a year went by after he had attained his majority, and still no word had come from the wandering member of the re-united family, and James was about adopting the opinion of Mr. Arlington that he was dead, when a letter reached him from a temperance lecturer in Pittsburg, to whom he had written. It was as follows:

"MY DEAR SIR: I have learned that a person by the name of Arlington, who answers, in most respects, your description, spent the last winter and spring in this place, working in a coach factory. But he indulged in drinking so freely, that he was discharged a month or two ago, and left here in a flat boat for some place down the river. No doubt he is in some of the towns between this and the mouth of the Ohio.

Respectfully yours, —."

With this letter Latimer went over to see the uncle of Mary, and to him declared his determination to go out West and search out and seek to reclaim the young man.

"I have two hundred dollars laid by,"

he said, "and that will bear my expenses."

A proposition that evinced such generous and noble self-devotion, touched the heart of Mr. Arlington, and he instantly replied—

"If you are ready to give your time, James, I am ready to bear every dollar of the expense. Let what you have lain by remain untouched. Providence has blessed my industry with a good return, and if I can use any part of what he has given me in saving a soul for his kingdom, it is my duty to do so. Have you mentioned this to my brother?"

"No. I wish to create no false hopes."

"Nor to Mary?"

"No. When I bring home the reclaimed son and brother, it will be time enough."

"What excuse will you make for going away?"

"I have not settled that; it is the smallest thing to be considered now. Even if my excuse is not at first deemed a good one, it will be differently estimated in the end."

"True."

"I must start at a very early day. No time is to be lost. In the downward course of a drunkard, there is no telling how soon the end may come."

"Go, noble-hearted young man!" replied Mr. Arlington with warmth, "and He who has filled your heart with so generous an enthusiasm in a good cause, will give your efforts, I feel an assurance in my heart, the most perfect success."

In a week James Latimer started for Philadelphia, whence he intended proceeding direct to Pittsburg. He failed in satisfying any one of his friends in Newark in regard to the journey he was about taking. Mr. Seymour looked very grave about it; Mr. Arlington said nothing, but was sober; and Mary parted from him with a sad, tearful, and half-rebuking face. All this was painful to James, but he was self-sustained in a good purpose, and left, expressing a hope to be with them all again in a very short time.

In Pittsburg, Latimer found the shop at

which the brother of Mary had worked, and from inquiries among the journeymen who had been most familiar with him, fully satisfied himself in regard to his identity. He also learned, that when the young man left he had declared his intention of going to Cincinnati.

On the day following his arrival at Pittsburgh, James left in a down-river boat, and at every town where they stopped, improved the short period the boat remained at the landing, in making inquiries from those likely to know, touching the object of his search. But no one could impart any information.

At length Latimer found himself in the Queen City of the West. But he had no eye to admire any thing he saw; he stopped to look at nothing with wondering interest. In half an hour after the boat touched the wharf, he was abroad in the city, on his errand of mercy.

As young Arlington had learned the trade of a coach-maker, James went, first, to every establishment of this character in the place to make inquiries for him. But the search was fruitless. He then spent two days among the grog-shop keepers and boatmen, but with no better success. He was about relinquishing his efforts to find the one he sought in Cincinnati, when a man in one of the liquor stores at which he had called, hearing him mention the name of Arlington, said—

"Who? Jack Arlington do you mean?"

"Yes," replied Latimer. "Do you know where he is?"

"He's in rather a hot place by this time, I should think."

"Why do you say that?" anxiously inquired Latimer.

"I saw him in Natchez-under-the-Hill, three weeks ago. But as Yellow Jack had hold of him, I rather think it's all day with him now."

"Yellow Jack?" said Latimer inquiringly. He did not understand the term.

"Yellow fever," replied the man; "and the way it was taking hold of him was a caution to sinners. When I left him, I

wouldn't have given the snap of my finger for his life."

But notwithstanding the slender hope this information gave to Latimer, he made particular inquiries of the man where he had seen John Arlington, and took passage in the next boat that started for Louisville. At this place he found only one boat up for Natchez, and that was advertised to go in the afternoon. At five o'clock, the time mentioned in the advertisement, Latimer went on board, and waited impatiently for the boat to start, but waited in vain. Towards sundown he received information that she would not leave the landing until the next morning. Vexed and disappointed, he left the boat and walked up into the town. As he was strolling along Main-street, he passed a man in whose appearance there was something that particularly arrested his attention, but why, he could not tell. Involuntarily, he turned and looked after him. The man was miserably clad, and walked, either from weakness or intoxication, with an unsteady gait. After standing and gazing at him for a short time, Latimer moved along in the direction the man was going, and followed him until he saw him enter one of the many drinking dens that lined a cross street, near the river. Passing on, he walked as far down as Water-street, still thinking of the man. There he stood and looked back toward the house into which he had disappeared.

After thinking awhile, Latimer made up his mind, he hardly knew why, to see more of this miserable creature, and, accordingly, walked back and entered the drinking house. He found about half a dozen persons, in a small room, with a low ceiling, the atmosphere of which was scarcely respirable, so loaded down was it with tobacco smoke and the fumes of liquors. The person who had attracted his attention, he found seated at a table, playing cards with a man whose appearance was little better than his own. The amount of the stake was a quarter of a dollar. Latimer took up a newspaper, and sat down under the pretence of reading,



but, really, that he might observe the man without drawing attention to himself. The game progressed in silence, yet with evident eagerness on the part of both to win. The hands of the one in whom Latimer felt interested, trembled as he played his cards, and he leaned heavily, for most of the time, as he sat at the table, evidently for the support it gave him.

It was the countenance of this person that most interested Latimer. The more earnestly he looked at him, the more certain was he that he had seen him before, but he searched his memory in vain for the time and the place.

Suddenly the truth flashed upon him. It was the brother of Mary. It was the object of his search! He saw the likeness between him and his sister as clear as a sunbeam. Just as he had made this discovery, the game terminated, and the man with whom he had been playing, exclaimed angrily—

"Jack Arlington! you cheated me!"

A bitter oath fell from the thin, quivering lips of Arlington, as he drew back his fist and made a pass at his opponent. But the latter stepped nimbly aside, and let him stagger forward and fall heavily on the floor. Before Arlington could recover himself, the man drew back his foot and was about kicking him brutally in the face; but Latimer sprang forward in time to prevent this cruelty by grasping him tightly and drawing him back with a sudden jerk. The man endeavored to free himself by violent struggles, swearing dreadfully as he did so; but he was in powerful hands, that held him as securely as if he had been bound with cords.

As soon as the prostrate man had regained his feet, Latimer released his adversary, saying to him in a kind voice as he did so—

"Forgive me, sir; but I could not see you injure one in whom I have a deep interest."

This was interrupted by a volley of oaths and threats. But the man had felt the strength that lay in the young stranger's arm, and did not care to come into personal collision with him.

"And who are you, pray?" said Arlington, a little surprised at the interference, and still more so at an expression of interest in him. There were four or five boxes, as they were called, in the room, to which persons retired to eat or drink. Latimer glanced to one of these in which a candle was burning, and said, as he nodded towards it—

"Come aside with me, and I will tell you."

Arlington followed him, and they sat

down together, on opposite sides of a small table, each looking intently into the other's face. There was that in the appearance and manner of Latimer that filled the company with something like respect, and though they still kept their eyes upon him, anxiously, as he retired with Arlington, no one came near or attempted to interfere with him in any way.

"You ask who I am?" said James, as soon as they were thus alone.

"I do. But, before you answer me, let me thank you for having saved a sick man, who is almost as weak as a child, from brutal violence. And now, let me inquire who you are, and why you feel any interest in a poor wretch like me, who does no good for himself nor any one else?"

"Your name is John Arlington, is it not?" asked Latimer.

"It is."

"You are from the East?"

"Yes."

"You have friends living there?"

"I presume so. But I left home some years ago, and have heard nothing from there since."

"Why have you not written home?"

"Because I could write no good of myself. My poor mother had trouble enough close at hand, without having any sent to her from a distance. But she may be dead now."

"No, she is not dead. I saw her only a short time ago."

"My mother!" exclaimed the young man suddenly, much agitated, and leaning over towards Latimer.

"Yes."

"My mother! And was she well?"

"Yes, and happy, but for the thought of her wandering son."

"Happy! How can she be happy? Is not my father——" The young man paused and set his teeth firmly together.

"Two years ago your father signed the pledge, and, since then, has been industrious, provident and kind. But for your absence and errors, your mother's heart would be happy."

"Signed the pledge? Oh no! That is too good news." And the young man shook his head doubtfully.

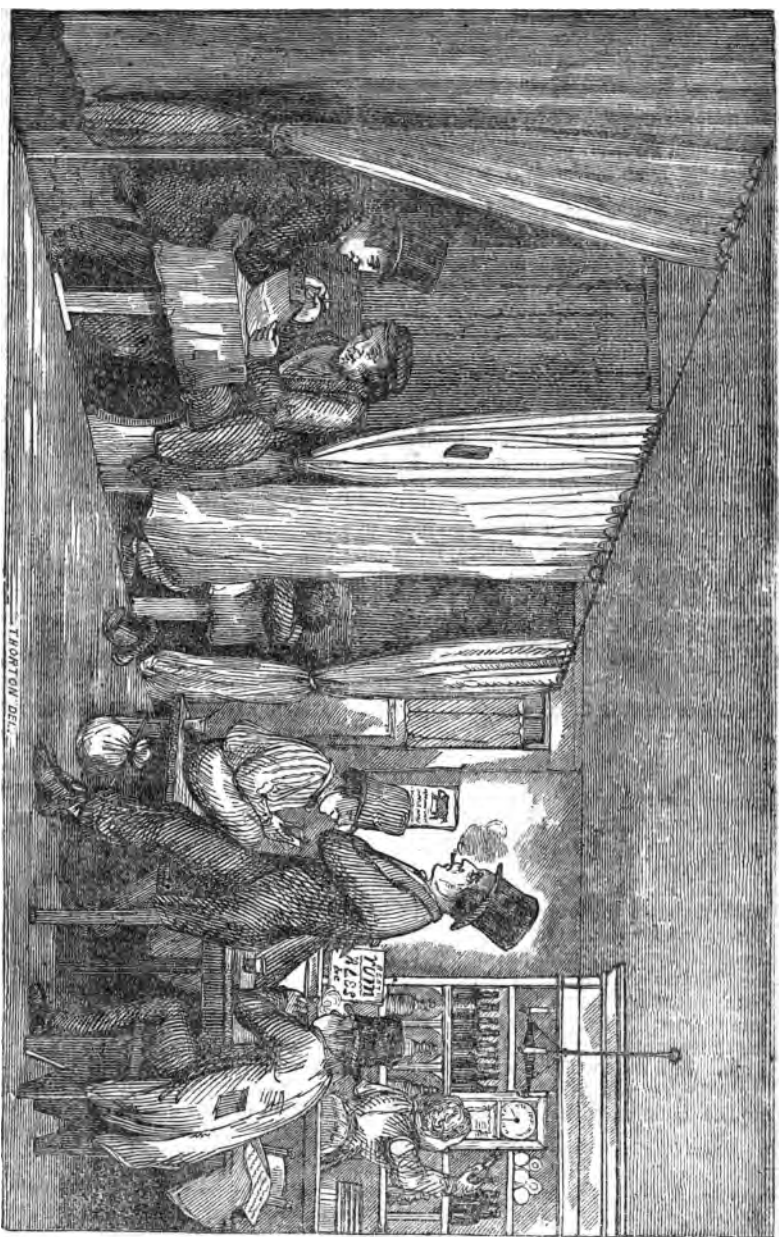
"It is true," replied Latimer, firmly. "I saw him sign it, and have since worked in the same shop with him, for two years."

"Where?"

"In Newark."

"Is my mother in Newark?" asked Arlington, in a low voice.

"Yes. And your sister Mary is with her."



T. MORTON DEL.

THE PLEDGE AGAIN TRIUMPHANT—A SON AND BROTHER RESCUED BY ITS POWER.

"And my younger brother and sister?"

"They are at home also."

"And I only am a wanderer and an out-cast. Oh! if I only were at home again, and in such a pleasant place as home must now be, I am sure I would be a better man. But that is impossible. I have not the means of going back; and if I had, I would not sadden my poor mother's heart with so miserable a spectacle as I present. She thinks me dead, no doubt. Let her remain in ignorance."

"No—no. She believes you still alive, and mourns your absence and wrong doings with unavailing sorrow. Hundreds of times have I heard her say, 'Oh! if John were only with us, and a sober man, my cap would be full.'"

The young man tried to make some answer, but his voice choked, and he sat, silently struggling to repress his feelings.

"For her sake," continued Latimer, "make one more resolute effort to lead a new life. To-morrow I will leave for the East. If you will go with me, I will bear all your expenses. Let me not go home to Newark with only sad tidings for your mother's heart. Rather, let me present you to her as the returned prodigal. What do you say? This may be the last appeal God will ever make to you. Do not disregard it. The way is plain before you—plain even to the home where your eager mother is waiting to receive you. Do not let her wait in vain."

The young man looked fixedly into the face of Latimer. There was a wild struggle going on in his mind.

"But one thing holds me back," he said, in a voice of sadness.

"What is that?"

"The fear that, after making glad my mother's heart, this cursed thirst for liquor, which has for so many years held me in a dreadful bondage, will again overmaster me. Better that no hope should fill her heart, than that her joy should be turned into sorrow. I fear, sir, that it is vain for me to attempt a new life. Let me go on as I am. In a little while it will all be over."

"Vain for you to attempt a new life!" replied Latimer, with enthusiasm. "It is

never too late to make this attempt. I have seen hundreds, who had fallen lower than you are now, who have renounced at once and forever the cup of confusion. Look at your own father. Is your case more hopeless than was his? No, it is not, as I well know; for I sought him out, as I have now sought you out; and I found him so low, that life would not have remained had he sunk much lower. From the hour I met him, up to this day, now two years, not a drop of poison to soul and body has passed his lips; nor does he have the least desire to taste the accursed thing that wrought such ruin to his hopes and happiness. John, the same means of rescue that saved him are at hand. Will you not avail of them? Will you not clutch them eagerly?"

"Yes!" replied the fallen man, speaking with a strong impulse. "But what am I to do?"

"Do as your father did. Sign this document of freedom—this charter of liberty."

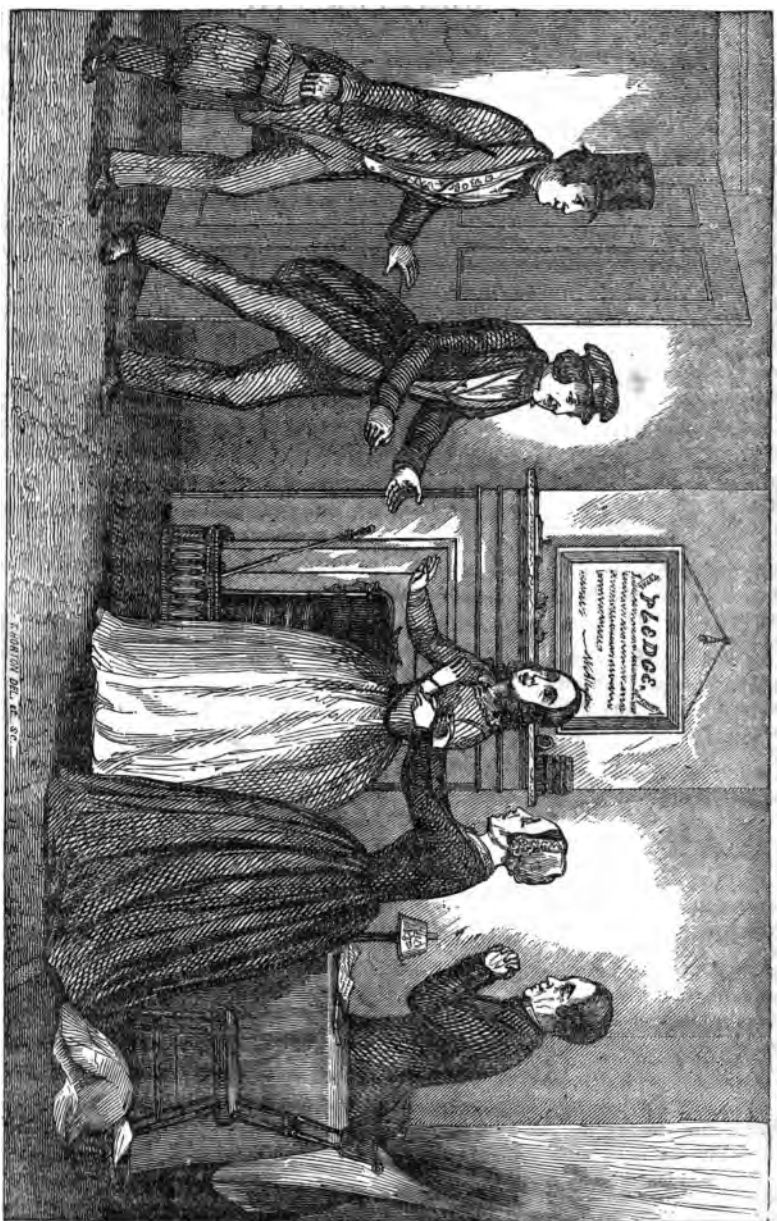
And Latimer drew from his pocket a pledge and held it up before the penitent son and brother.

"It is all-powerful!" he continued. "It saved me—it saved your father—it has saved thousands and hundreds of thousands—and it will save you, for though it imparts strength to all, it loses none of its blessed virtue. Sign it!"

And he laid it on the table before the young man, and drawing a pencil from his pocket placed it in his fingers.

Arlington did not hesitate, but clutched eagerly the pencil, and dashed, rather than wrote his signature to the pledge.

"Free! Thank God!" exclaimed Latimer so loud and joyously, that all the inmates of the polluted den, attracted by his words and manner, came pressing up to the box where he sat. In the enthusiasm of the moment, he eloquently exhorted all present to do as Arlington had done, and so effective were his words, that three poor, fallen men subscribed their names to the pledge, and no one present let a word of ridicule or disapproval pass his lips. Even there, the sphere of good was, for the time, powerful enough to hold evil in abeyance.



THE WANDERING ONE BROUGHT HOME.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE sudden departure of James Latimer, for which no satisfactory explanation was given, caused Mary, notwithstanding her confidence in her lover, to feel sober. He had said that he was going on an errand of mercy; but why should the particular object in view be concealed from her? This she could not keep from thinking. And the fact, too, that he had studiously concealed from her and from every one else the probable extent of his journey and time of absence, troubled her mind whenever she thought of it.

One, two, three weeks passed, and not one word of intelligence came from the absent one.

"It is strange!" said the father of Mary.

"It is strange!" said the mother.

"It is strange!" thought Mary; and the pensive maiden would lie awake for hours at night seeking, anxiously, in her own thoughts for an explanation of her lover's singular and prolonged absence, but in vain. Still her confidence in him was unimpaired. She believed, as he had said, that his errand, whatever it might be, was one of mercy.

It was Saturday night, and Mr. Arlington had come home from his work, bringing his week's wages and placing the money, as usual, in the hands of his wife, who was a good economist, and always managed to keep expenses considerably within the limit of income.

After tea the family gathered in the little parlor, and the father read aloud while Mary and her mother sat sewing at a little work-table. While thus engaged, the whistle of the approaching steam-car was heard; and Mr. Arlington laid down his book and listened. Since the departure of James, every member of this family had felt a new interest in the daily trains of passenger-cars that went sweeping through their town, and would pause, almost involuntarily, when the noise of wheels, or the shrill sound of escaping steam disturbed the quiet air.

"I wish that boy was home again," said Mr. Arlington, as he sat listening to the thrilling scream of the whistle.

"And so do I," answered Mrs. Arlington in a concerned voice. "What could have taken him away?"

"Heaven only knows," said Mary. "It is now three weeks since he went away, and not one word, to tell us that he is even alive, has come."

"Perhaps he will be home to-night," said the mother of Mary. "I have felt, all day,

as if I should see him enter the door in the next moment."

And Mary had experienced similar feelings, but she did not say so. Her voice would have trembled too much.

"Let him come when he will, and my word for it, he brings a good account of himself," said Mr. Arlington, confidently.

There was thankfulness in the eyes of Mary, as she looked her response to these words.

"I wish he were home to-night," remarked Mrs. Arlington. "I feel as if I could not bear the suspense of his absence any longer, without being unhappy. And something says to me, that he will be home; that he is in the cars that have just arrived. Do you know that I have been thinking of John all day, and that I have had the same feeling in regard to him? If they should come home together!"

"Don't think that way, mother," said Mr. Arlington; "you will only be fated to disappointment. John, I am sure, has found a grave long and long ago."

"And who knows," exclaimed Mary, who had not listened to her father's reply, clapping her hands together as the thought flashed through her mind—"but that James went in search of brother John!"

Mr. Arlington snook his head doubtfully; but a flush passed over the face of Mrs. Arlington, and a light flashed in her eyes.

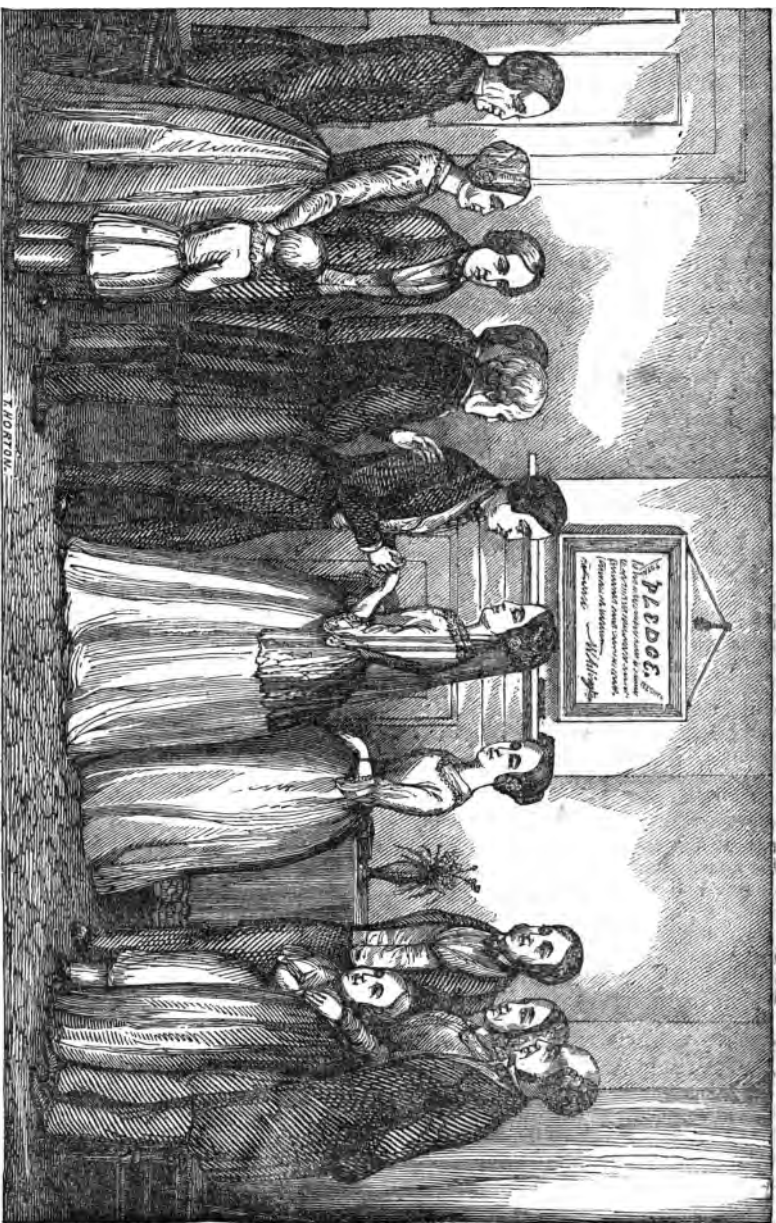
"It may be so," replied the latter, in a trembling voice.

"He has been receiving a good many letters from all parts of the country for some time," said Mr. Arlington, "as we know. But never has he spoken to any one of their tenor. He has also written and sent a good many away."

"It must be!" broke in Mary, speaking with confidence and enthusiasm. "Oh! if they should both return to night!"

"Don't—don't conjure up hopes so fallacious, to die, as they must, in disappointment, and render the return of James, when it does take place, less happy for all than it would otherwise be!"

And even while the father was speaking, the sound of rapidly-approaching feet was heard. The door flew open as the last word fell from his lips, and in rushed the absent ones. Oh! what a happy meeting! What tears; what words of joy; what moments of speechless thankfulness followed the first glad welcoming! The son and brother was restored; the lover and friend had come back! And the fullness of joy was in every heart.



THE PLEDGE HAS DONE ITS WORK—YOUNG LATIMER IS SAVED, AND ARLINGTON AND HIS SON RECLAIMED BY ITS POWER,—AND MORE, ANOTHER SOLEMN PLEDGE IS TAKEN—THE PLEDGE OF LOVE, BINDING TWO HEARTS TOGETHER IN HOLY WEDLOCK.



## CHAPTER VIII.

But little more remains to be told. The pledge has done *its* work. How well, we need not here repeat.

After John Arlington had signed the pledge, James Latimer went with him to a store, and procured a full suit of clothing. The trunk of the latter was then removed from the boat that was to sail down the river in the morning, to one that was to leave, on the next day, for Pittsburg; and to this boat the two young men repaired, and spent half the night in conversation upon past misdeeds, and future hopes of a better and happier life.

As swiftly as rushing steamboat and hurrying car could bear them homeward, did they pursue their journey, and arrived unannounced, formally, but not unannounced, as has been seen, by the hearts' true instincts.

With what a gushing thankfulness did Mary pour out her feelings to James, when they were first alone, after his return.

"You gave me my father," she said, with the glad tears springing to her eyes. "You restored to us our home; and now you have brought back my wandering brother, whom we all mourned as lost. I can never repay you for all this—never, never!"

"You can more than repay me," said James, kissing her lips fondly.—"And you will. Name an early day for our union; no hindrance now remains. Your brother's absence weighed heavily upon you all. The thought that he was a wanderer and an outcast, would have marred the joy of our wedding-day, and I resolved, long ago, that our pledge of love should not be made at the altar, while I had a reasonable hope of finding and reclaiming your brother. No impediment, therefore, now remains. So, Mary dear, name, as I have just said, an early day."

"How early?" and the happy girl smiled.

"Six months from now?"

"Six months! Six weeks will be a long time. It must be earlier than that, Mary. And why not? What impediment is there? Why may not the union to which we have looked so long, be the crowning joy of this blessed time. If you do not say 'no,' there will be nothing to hinder the happy consummation."

The face of Mary, covered with blushes, was turned partly away.

"Do you say no?" The ardent lover pressed for a decision.

"Let it be as my father and mother think best," murmured the happy maiden.

"I know they will be on my side," joy-

ously fell from the lips of James, as he drew the sweet girl towards him and almost smothered her with kisses.

And he was right. It was only for him to express a wish for Mr. and Mrs. Arlington to approve. Space sufficient to give timely notice to Mary's uncle in the city was permitted only to elapse before the marriage ceremony was performed in the presence of the re-united family, and a few intimate friends.

"To you, excellent young man!" said the uncle of Mary to James Latimer, as they all sat together that evening, "we owe a debt of gratitude that can never be paid. May you be as happy as you deserve to be; as I know you will be."

"Not to me," quickly replied James, "but to you is the debt owed of which you speak; and I, with the rest, am an equal debtor. Had you not reached forth your hand, and saved me when there was no one to care whether my life were evil or good, I would have been now, in all human probability, if alive, a miserable outcast. Ah, sir! there are times when my heart burns with a gratitude that I cannot express; and when I think of you with feelings of unutterable thankfulness. It is to you—to you, that all the happiness we feel this evening must be ascribed!"

"No, not to me, but to the pledge," replied the uncle of Mary. "I only presented the pledge; and that sustained you."

"And not to the pledge," said the minister who had performed the nuptial rite, "must we really ascribe the good that has been done, but to God. Were he not present in every good resolution—the inspirer and sustainer thereof—no pledge could be kept. To God, therefore, let us ascribe the praise. We are humble instruments in his hands, and for every good act we perform, he rewards us amply. In the present instance, how great has been the reward!"

"Unspeakably great it must be!" said the father of Mary. "I can realize, in some sense, the happiness that must fill the heart of at least one who is here this evening, while he looks around and sees such a harvest as the crowning glory of his labor. May God bless him as he deserves, for it is not in the power of man adequately to reward him!"

A low but fervent "Amen" fell audibly from every lip.

We have no more to add. The "Bottle" has done its work and so has the "Pledge." But, what different work!

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